Saturday Evening Post Dec. 10, 1938.

Dec.

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PHOTO FROM SAN ANTONIO LIGHT

The lady with the fighting eyes and stride is "La Pasionaria of Texas" to her strike followers. She is Emma Tenayuca, of San Antonio, and a powerful Workers Alliance agitator.

Seven a. m. at a New York writers' project, after an all-night strike in protest against WPA layoffs.

THE Workers Alliance of America is the One Big Union of the unemployed. Its 1500 locals cover forty-five states. Its members are only a minority of the unemployed. But they are a disciplined, militant and radical minority to whom, increasingly, unemployment is an institution and joblessness a career. The Workers Alliance serves them as grievance committee, bargaining agency and political machine. Its political front is the New Deal. But its tactics are Communist, and so, in the main, is its leadership. Most of the organizations of the extreme left thrive on trouble. But few can scent it from a greater distance than the Workers Alliance or make a little of it go farther. No one in the relief business, from the local supervisor whom it intimidates to the New Deal executives whom it has frequently served, can safely ignore it. Even the White House hears its threats and promises with a sympathetic ear.

The ancestry of the Workers Alliance is a mixture. The New Deal is its rich uncle. But it has other and older relatives. The oldest of them, if Earl Browder is to be believed, is the Communist Party. "The unemployed movement," writes Mr. Browder, "dates from the great nationwide demonstrations of March [illegible] called by our party." [illegible] part in those demonstrations a handful of the comrades, not including Mr. Browder, were jailed. That, for the Communists, was an auspicious beginning, and by midsummer the party's organizers, foot-loose again, had returned to the crusade. By the end of that year the first of their so-called Unemployed Councils were functioning.

This was the rag, tag and bobtail period. Unemployment was not yet either a class distinction or a political opportunity. Washington was cold and the White House hostile. Local relief agencies in cities like New York still enjoyed the advantages of police protection. The Unemployed Councils were slimsy and weak and, without the artificial respiration supplied by the Communists, they would certainly have died. The specialty of this period was the hunger march. During 1931 and 1932 there were hunger marches in [illegible] the large cities of [illegible] in that time the j[illegible] Washington—whe[illegible] ceived by the police [illegible] pavement. These for[illegible] helped the agitators, [illegible] of no visible aid to th[illegible]

The Communist T[illegible]

THE Communists [illegible] not give up the shi[illegible] started it on a differ[illegible] tation from the top, [illegible] proved fruitless, they b[illegible] to build from the bo[illegible] this they picked a good man, [illegible] and true young party member by-

PHOTO BY WALTER ENGEL

In New York City the directing hand of the Alliance is Sam Wiseman, "a Communist with a party record that is more than ordinarily checkered."

ORGANIZED THE UNEMPLOYED?

By STANLEY HIGH

the name of Herbert Benjamin. Benjamin had what it takes. For all of the seven years since then he has been delivering the goods for the party among the unemployed.

At the present time, Benjamin is both the general secretary-treasurer of the Workers Alliance and its most revered elder statesman. He was born forty-one years ago, the oldest of fourteen children in a laborer's family in Illinois. His own abbreviated labor apprenticeship was spent in a Buffalo steel mill. Shortly after the war, Communism claimed him; he came to New York, made a reputation as a dependable party agitator and, in 1929, won his jail spurs in Philadelphia for his activities among the unemployed. Since then the jobless have been his parish. When he got through with the Unemployed Councils of New York they were highly effective, dues-paying organizations, set up on a neighborhood basis and with enough of a disturbance record to their credit to make them feared in every relief bureau of the city.

Nowadays Benjamin, as befits the elder statesman of an organization that keeps company with legislators and calls a President its friend, is remote from these tarnishing occupations. He lives in Washington, within easy bicycling distance of the national office of the Alliance. His wife, also a devoted party member, is a Government employee, which makes it easier, as he readily admits, to get along on his thirty-five-dollar-a-week salary. Unlike some of his less mellowed colleagues in other places, he is friendly, straightforward and dignified, indicative of the fact that the Alliance is no longer a hodgepodge of anonymous trouble makers. Like Benjamin, it is sure enough of itself on the Washington front to carry its big stick softly.

Benjamin began to agitate for the One Big Union as far back as 1932. The Communists by that time were no longer alone in the field. The Socialists had gone into Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania with Unemployed Leagues. The man behind the Unemployed Leagues was Arnold Johnson. Johnson came to Socialism and the unemployed movement via Harry Ward's Union Theological Seminary. He now heads the Workers Alliance in Ohio. His Unemployed Leagues, when the Alliance finally took them over, had 187 locals in that state alone. There were a good many other somewhat similar groups. In fact, when the Chicago Workers Committee on Unemployment sent out a call in November, 1933, for a united-front meeting, thirty-three different organizations sent representatives. Out of that meeting came the Federation of Unemployed Workers Leagues. That Federation was the first important move toward union.

The times were propitious. The Chicago meeting followed, by a few days, the election of Mr. Roosevelt, and preceded, by a few weeks, the worsening of the economic crisis. Unemployment was on the increase and the promised New Deal looked like milk and honey for the still undernourished organizers of the unemployed. Reading the skies aright, the new Federation heralded Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration with a nation-wide unemployment demonstration which, in scores of cities, demanded increased relief appropriations and wage-hour, public-works and slum-clearance legislation. The Washington spotlight on that occasion was not intended for the organized unemployed. But they managed to get into it. They have been in it ever since.

After the fourth of March these various unions, warmed now by Washington, began to thrive. New organizations sprouted. California came into the picture with the California Federation of the Unemployed, and Kansas with the Allied Workers. In December, 1933, the Illinois groups got together into the first Workers Alliance—a state-wide organization. A similar move in the East brought about the Eastern Federation of Unemployed and Emergency Workers. Through 1934 and 1935, these and other organizations waxed in numbers, power and joint activity. They fought for the Civil Works Administration—the CWA—and take credit for having got it. They fought against the stop-gap Federal Emergency Relief Administration—the FERA—and take credit for having finished it off. In line with, if not because of, their demands the Government continued to go more and more deeply into the business of relief. And the organized reliefers, stimulated quite as much by the political as by the economic solicitude of the Administration, began to take on the trappings of a permanent and privileged class.

Out of this the One Big Union finally came in the spring of 1936. Again Mr. Browder takes the bow. "It was the Communists," he writes, "who raised the slogan of national unification, fought for it consistently, and finally brought about the merger of all into the Workers Alliance."

Mr. Browder's Merger

NINE hundred delegates from thirty-six states thumbed and beat their way to the convention at which Mr. Browder's merger was achieved. They spoke, so they said, for a membership of 93,000 in more than a score of organizations. When they adjourned, the Workers Alliance had become the One Big Union of them all. Six months later, organizational and ideological differences having been pretty well ironed out, the Alliance had close to 1000 locals in forty-four states, and all the way to Washington it was clicking.

The president of the new organization and its out-in-front man was David Lasser. He still serves in both capacities. Unlike Herbert Benjamin, whose schooling ended at the sixth grade, Lasser is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At one stage in his career he was the editor of Technocracy Review and, at another, president of the American Interplanetary Society, which had exploratory designs on the moon.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case started him toward Socialism. A too-vigorous protest to his employer against the layoff of some of his fellow workers landed him among the unemployed. A chance acquaintance with a jobless (Continued on Page 30)

WIDE WORLD

SEATTLE TIMES PHOTO.

David Lasser, boss of the Workers Alliance, is standing before Assistant WPA Administrator Aubrey Williams, fingers entwined, asking for increased WPA wages. Williams once said he would "look back on the hours spent in conference with David Lasser . . . as the high spots of my life in Washington." At right—H. C. Armstrong, President of the Washington Workers Alliance, was elected to the Washington State Legislature with five other members.

WHO ORGANIZED THE UNEMPLOYED?

(Continued from Page 9)

diamond cutter who was peddling apples on a New York street corner persuaded him that the unemployed were in need of leadership and that, henceforth, their unionization would be his mission.

From the thriving local which he organized in the vicinity of his New York home, he was lifted, in 1933, to head the Workers Committee on Unemployment for the entire city. A year later he was made head of the Eastern Federation of the Unemployed and in that position helped to engineer the merger of 1936.

Lasser is on the books as a Socialist. His exact status, however, is a bit uncertain. Like a good many of his associates, he has found the more militant Communist Party line much more to his liking. For playing too close to it and for hobnobbing too much with the Communists, his Socialist comrades have now put him up for expulsion. But there is no radicalism in the Lasser front. He, like his quiet Washington office, appears to be a long distance removed from the organized pandemonium, the street scuffles and the mass intimidation which are the established technique of the organization he directs. His speech is gentle and his manner shy. If, as the Socialists allege, the strings on which he moves are pulled by Herbert Benjamin and the Communists, they are concealed. In Washington he passes muster among the New Deal intellectuals and, since his politics have been tried and not found wanting, the New Deal's executives, including the President, have made him welcome.

When Lasser took on its leadership, the unemployed movement had already ceased to be rag, tag and bobtail. Unemployment was blossoming from an emergency into an enterprise. The organized unemployed did not look upon themselves as the temporary and unfortunate charges of a generous state, but rather as members of an established class who regarded permanent succor from the Government as the first of their inalienable rights. For such a setup the Workers Alliance was made to order. It has handsomely cashed in on it.

Its most influential leaders are veterans, scarred and toughened in the Communist service. In New York City, where the Alliance is strongest and, like its office, close to the Communists, the directing hand is that of Sam Wiseman, who ranks as its secretary. Wiseman is a Communist, with a party record that is more than ordinarily checkered. His leftist work began in the capmakers' union. Having made good there as an agitator, he was sent to Boston, in 1927, as the party's industrial organizer for the district. He was apparently already under suspicion, for his Boston superior was instructed not to give him access to the party's funds. Four years later, after he had been transferred to labor among New York's food workers, the control committee suspended him from the party; one of the charges being that he had used the finances of the union "in an irresponsible manner." His party respectability was eventually re-established. With the depression he moved into the unemployed movement, was one of the first members of the executive board of the Workers Alliance, on which he still serves, and now, in Greater New York, is the organization's boss and strategist.

Wiseman is generally too busy to be interviewed. He turns that over to his somewhat smoother colleague, Oscar Fuss. Fuss is Yale, '31, and a Phi Beta Kappa. He wears his key. He is in addition a product of both the CWA and the WPA. On the WPA he achieved a city-wide reputation as an agitator, and the Alliance took him over. He now serves as Wiseman's "good right arm." Decked out in campus slacks and sports coat, he has become one of the most familiar and unwelcome figures in the offices of those whose business it is to hear the complaints of New York's reliefers. Fuss denies that he is a Communist. If that is true, it is probably not because of any ideological differences, but because his party chores are outside ones.

Alliance leadership elsewhere is of the same general pattern. Hillard Bernstein, the Virginia organizer and a member of the national executive board, is an ex-marine and, more recently, a member of the Communist-backed International Brigade in Spain. He has served in the jails of both Virginia and Tennessee and, on one occasion, had a close call from a lynching. In Kansas, where the Alliance has fifty locals, the state secretary is an ex-newspaperman, but the power behind the scenes is said to be a Communist, Max Salzman by name. In a recent speech to a Kansas local, Salzman, after a considerable dissertation on the merits of the Communist program for America, is reported to have wound up in this fashion: "Who organized the unemployed? I'll answer that. The Communist Party. . . . We support the Workers Alliance. We work with it. We are responsible for it. We created it."

Arnold Johnson, the one-time theologue who now leads the Ohio Alliance, has long since moved left of Socialism and readily admits his Communist Party membership. He is a member of the national executive board of the Alliance. The Minnesota Alliance, which last year led the nation with a 308 per cent increase in membership, is run by Chester Watson, who, among other things, has achieved a considerable proletarian reputation as a musician. His song, Leaning on a Shovel, was first sung at the recent Cleveland convention and was promptly made the national anthem of the organization. The words are "by an unknown WPA worker":

We've made a lot of lovely things,
Just leaning on a shovel;
Parks with flowers and sparkling springs,
Just leaning on a shovel;
Winding roads and highways straight,
Wonderful buildings that house the great,
We built them all at our lazy gait,
Just leaning on a shovel;
Ha, Ha, Ha, just leaning on a shovel.

Watson is on the national executive board of the Alliance, and is, according to responsible labor leaders in Minnesota, a Communist Party member.

Harold Brockway, Alliance secretary in the state of Washington, got his start toward his present post when he led a union of embattled farmers against mortgage foreclosures in the early days of the depression. In 1934 he went to jail for having engineered a soup-line strike in Seattle. In 1936 he was Communist candidate for governor. At present he is chairman of the Seattle county committee of the party. He is also a member of the Alliance executive board.

In the Southwest, the Alliance is notably represented by Emma Tenayuca, who has come to much more than local fame through her organization of the unemployed in San Antonio. Because of her leadership in that movement and in a succession of Texas strikes, she is known to the Mexican proletariat as "La Pasionaria de Texas." Her party record is fairly clear. She has run for office on the Communist ticket; and her husband is a former Communist candidate for governor. At the first Alliance convention she was elected to its national executive board.

On its face, the organization which this notably Communistic leadership began to whip into shape in 1936 appears to be orthodox American. Dave Lasser describes it as "democracy, no partisanship, no discrimination, and militancy in action." Membership, however, is not limited to citizens. It is open to any resident of the United States, eighteen years of age or over, who is employed or in need of employment on a Government works program, or who is on or eligible for relief. Only persons who have "engaged in anti-labor activities" are barred. There is an initiation fee of not less than fifteen cents or more than one dollar. Dues range from ten to thirty-five cents a month for the unemployed and from fifteen cents to one dollar a month for employed members. From three to seven cents of the monthly dues of each member go to the national organization.

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WIDE WORLD

". . . they picked . . . a tried and true young party member by the name of Herbert Benjamin."

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

"Arnold Johnson . . . who leads the Ohio Alliance . . . readily admits his Communist Party membership."

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

Chester Watson, whose Minnesota Alliance led the nation with a 308 per cent membership increase.

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Locals among those on direct relief are organized on a community basis. WPA locals are organized by projects. Three or more locals in a single county can form a county local, and any state which has fifteen or more locals in five different counties with a membership of not less than 1000 can organize on a state basis. The "supreme governing body" is the annual national convention, to which delegates are elected by the locals on the basis of their membership. The convention elects a national president, secretary-treasurer and executive board.

That is the setup as it looks in the constitution. In operation it looks like something else. The Communists are not in the Workers Alliance for decorative purposes. They are there to run it. Run it they do—with or without benefit of the constitution, as the occasion requires.

In the beginning there was some subtlety in their technique. They hid their ideological identity and carried on their party labors through "the innocents"—non-Communist Alliance members who were docile enough to be used. Nowadays the process, as it has been described to me by some of its victims, is simpler and more direct. Alliance locals meet regularly, generally once a week. The Communists, in a local which contains a party "fraction," hold a caucus before every meeting. Forthcoming items of Alliance business are examined and discussed according to the dictates of the party line. A course of action is agreed to and the Communists turn up at the meeting, not only with their minds made up but with their duties prescribed. The right motions are already put together in the proper terminology and the individuals chosen to introduce and second them. Supporting speakers are ready with speeches prepared in advance. If an election is involved, the Communists get a slate together in time to enlist the support of all "the innocents" and near-Communists who can be swung into line. In most locals, party members are a minority. But since they are an organized minority, always turn out in full force and are excessively articulate, they generally have their way.

Kangaroo Court

Not all Alliance locals are blessed with this Communist leaven. Some of them have to be "colonized." That technique is also well established. Party members are merely detached from duty elsewhere; they filter into the meetings of the local, posing as relief or WPA clients, pay their dues, prove their devotion and, in due course, put their own ticket in power and pass on to other fields.

The course of Communism does not always run quite that smoothly. Occasionally the comrades hit a snag. Minor snags—such as individuals who have no following—are handled in summary fashion. For criticizing Communist support for the Loyalist cause in Spain, Liston Oak, a WPA writer, was branded as a Fascist spy, ostracized on his project and, having been denied the right to defend himself, was court-martialed by his local. For appearing as a witness at a Communist investigation, Charles White, a Negro WPA worker and an Alliance member, was likewise ostracized and jointly attacked by the Communist Daily Worker and the Alliance paper, Work. To both, he was a "rat and Trotskyist betrayer." For calling the Communists "disruptive and dishonest," Miss Helen Crowe, another WPA employee and one of the founders of the Alliance, was fired from her job. There are innumerable such cases.

Now and again, the snags are bigger ones. Such a one turned up recently in the red-headed person of Henry Rourke. Rourke was one of the Alliance pioneers and head of the WPA Mechanics and Helpers Union. When he developed a distaste for the Communists, he was promptly accused by his brethren of misappropriating funds. By way of reply he walked out of the Alliance, taking his own organization and several locals with him, and formed the rival Unemployed and Project Workers Union. At the Alliance convention in September, two delegates with bona-fide credentials from several locals dared to raise their voices against the Reds. They were promptly brought before a committee of Alliance bosses and denied their seats. They demanded time on the floor to defend themselves, got five minutes and were howled down. They threw in their lot with Rourke.

A Communist Old Home Week

In general, however, the Communists in the organization, up to now, have had good going. They no longer even take the trouble to cover their tracks. At the sessions of the September convention a dozen salesmen manned all the entrances and exits to hawk the Daily Worker. Bills were distributed, advertising a talk by Earl Browder. Tables were loaded with party literature and the available wall space covered with posters for all the variety of causes, from Spain to China, which are dear to the Communist heart. For the Communists themselves, a Workers Alliance convention is an Old Home Week. At Cleveland all the known party members for miles around came to revel in the congenial atmosphere and to fraternize with the delegates.

Since a majority of the Alliance rank and file are not Communists, the lure by which the unemployed are brought into organization has no visible party decorations. It is practical and inviting. "We are recognized," the Alliance literature declares, "as collective-bargaining agency by the Works Progress Administration and by the local relief agency. We are recognized by President Roosevelt and by the nation in general as the authoritative spokesman for the unemployed and WPA workers."

As far as the nation in general is concerned, those claims may be an exaggeration. In the other particulars, they are not. The blessing of the White House was signalized at a conference between the President and Dave Lasser. The WPA proves that its heart is in the right place with an official pamphlet, Our Job With the WPA, in which it asks and answers a number of questions of importance to the worker.

Q.: May a union of project workers send a representative or delegate to the WPA district officials to adjust grievances?

A.: Yes.

Q.: Does the representative have to be a WPA worker?

A.: No.

Q.: Is it all right for me to join a workers' union?

A.: Yes.

To give the cause further encouragement, Harry Hopkins and Aubrey Williams were recently photographed in the midst of one of their huddles with Lasser. Aubrey Williams has done even better than that. "I have said on many occasions," Mr. Williams declared last June, "that I hope the Workers Alliance will grow, that it will expand. I hope that the organization of the unemployed people in America will include all of the unemployed in America." The official greetings of the administration of the WPA were brought from Washington to the recent Alliance convention by Father Francis J. Haas, a member of the WPA's national labor relations division. Father Haas, as Work reported it, was heard by "cheering throngs."

Thus, the individual Alliance member is made to feel that he is part of an organization which can turn on the heat all the way from the local relief bureau to the office of the President. Most of the heat, however, is applied locally. The results, as far as the Alliance is concerned, are generally beneficial.

To make the results beneficial in the local is the job of the chief steward. It is to the chief steward that the members officially unburden themselves when their relief is unsatisfactory, their jobs irksome, their supervisors too hard-boiled, or when, for one reason or another, they are fired. The steward takes over their complaints and carries them before the grievance committee of the relief agency or the WPA for settlement.

Between January and June of this year the WPA offices in New York City adjusted 43,000 grievances. Ten thousand of them were cases of workers who insisted that their projects were too far from home. Nearly 10,000 were complaints against "unfair" treatment or discharge. Probably half of the 43,000 total had the Workers Alliance back of them. New York's local relief bureaus are obliged to handle several thousand Alliance complaints every week. The head relief office in New York, which does business with 597 officially recognized pressure groups, spends three times more hours per week with the Workers Alliance than with all the 596 others combined.

The Red Routine

In some states, like Utah, where Communist influence in the Alliance is at a minimum, this procedure is orderly and useful. In the more highly industrialized sections of the country, where the Communists have got their hands on the organization, the tactics are typically disruptive and disorderly. The routine begins with a formal protest. If that fails to produce results, there is a mass demonstration. If that is unsuccessful, the organization settles down for a long pull with picket lines around the offices of the offending officials and, when necessary, a walk-out or a sit-down strike.

The record, almost anywhere one chooses to examine it, is impressive. Last spring, in Robbinsdale, Minnesota, an Alliance job steward was fired from the WPA. The Alliance went to bat; a strike was called and the project shut down. After three days of demonstrations and picketing, the steward was rehired and the foreman who fired him transferred to another job. Last summer, in the Yakima Valley, in Washington, the WPA closed down a number of projects in order to free the workers for seasonal employment in the orchards. Immediately there was an Alliance uproar. Charging that

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private wages were less than those on the WPA, the case was carried to Harry Hopkins. The projects were reopened.

While young Oscar Fuss, who is now handy man in the New York Alliance, was on the WPA, the administrator—his funds reduced—was obliged to drop a number of single women from the rolls. Fuss forthwith issued a Red press broadside to the effect that the administrator was driving the unemployed women of New York into prostitution. For that he was fired. Whereupon the Alliance went to war. Daily demonstrations turned the administrator's office into a bedlam. Singing, chanting, pickets filled the street outside. The Daily Worker whipped up the usual fraternal frenzy. In the end, the administrator resigned and Fuss was reinstated.

In August, workers on the WPA project at Fort Du Pont, Delaware, went on an Alliance strike to force the United States Army to furnish trucks for their transportation. Four days later the trucks were provided. There was another truck strike in August in the city of Detroit. One thousand WPA workers having been laid off because there appeared to be a truck shortage, the Alliance put on a demonstration and trucks were promised. When they appeared, however, they were not the trucks of the independent and presumably proletarian owners which had previously been on the job. They bore, instead, the labels of several of Detroit's largest trucking corporations. For such instruments of big business the workers refused to lift a shovel, and the small truckers had to be recalled.

In San Diego, in May, the local relief bureau was visited by a delegation of Alliance-led single men who demanded a boost to WPA status. When that was not forthcoming, they proceeded to deploy themselves about the office for a sit-down. The Alliance organized a service of supply to furnish them with food and amusements. After several days the authorities capitulated and headlines in the local Alliance paper proclaimed: "Single Men's Sit-Down a Great Victory for W. A."

The Birmingham Battle

There was a sit-down of considerably larger proportions in Birmingham, Alabama, at the end of August. The Birmingham Alliance claimed to have won a wage increase for WPA workers, only to see some of the sweetness removed from the victory when the authorities boosted the monthly hours of labor. To make matters worse, the Birmingham WPA had several foremen whom the Alliance found offensive. The result was a sit-down. After three days of it, the authorities gave in. Labor conditions were readjusted, the Alliance workers who had been fired were reinstated and the foremen whom the Alliance found offensive were fired.

These are run-of-the-mill cases. The number could be multiplied indefinitely. The tactics everywhere bear the same unmistakable marks of Communist craftsmanship. And they result in Alliance victories with enough regularity to keep the organization in a thriving condition. In fact, just to make certain that no blessings are forgotten, the California Alliance provides a specially printed card on which each member is called upon to total up the monthly cash value of benefits won.

That the benefits are recognized as substantial is indicated by the recent growth of the organization. The total paid-up membership at present is approximately 300,000, with another 300,000 members in arrears. The increase in membership during the first eight months of 1938 was 45 per cent more than during the same months of 1937. When the national convention met in September, new members were signing up at the rate of 15,000 a month. Applications for new charters were coming in at the rate of two a day.

The program of the Alliance has expanded with its membership and power. It is no longer merely a benefit-winning agency for complaining reliefers. In the course of the last two and a half years it has become a first-rate political machine. "We are in politics with both feet," says Dave Lasser, and no one can doubt it. In fact, the Alliance promises to furnish the New Deal's shock troops for all the unemployed, and the New Dealers look to it to deliver. "We've got to stick together," said Aubrey Williams to an Alliance meeting in June; "we've got to keep our friends in power." To that task the Alliance is giving itself with augmented zeal.

A Political Big Stick

Its successes have already been considerable. In the state of Washington, it lays claim to both United States senators: Senator Schwellenbach was an attorney for the unemployed in the early days of the movement, and Senator Bone has always been looked upon as counselor and friend. Schwellenbach is said to have been defeated for governor when he fell out with the state's unemployed leader, and elected senator when, in due course, he fell in again. The Alliance elected six of its members to the last state legislature, including H. C. Armstrong, its state president. This year it put up twelve member candidates. In Washington, as elsewhere, the Alliance supports only 100 per cent New Dealers.

The Minnesota Alliance, for election purposes, works through the Farmer-Labor Party, and claims to have a lien on 200,000 votes. That is possibly an exaggeration in the light of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor debacle on November eighth. It is organized in eighty out of the state's eighty-seven counties.

In the primary campaign 180,000 people attended its meetings. The greeting which Gov. Elmer A. Benson sent to the Alliance convention in Cleveland was more than ordinarily heartfelt. It had reason to be. The support of the Alliance was probably the difference between his victory and defeat in the primaries. Between elections, the political interests of the Alliance in Minnesota are represented at the state capitol by its People's Lobby.

The success in this year's primaries to which the Alliance points with the greatest pride is the defeat in the primary, in New York City, of John O'Connor and the registering thereby of one victory in the succession of Mr. Roosevelt's purge defeats. For that contest the Alliance gave its all. Its strategy is said to have been directed behind the scenes by those able confidants of the President, Tommy Corcoran and Dave Niles. The visible strategists were Sam Wiseman, the Communist veteran, and Moe Howard. Howard grew up in politics on the sidewalks of New York's East Side. He rose eventually to a place as Tammany precinct captain. The depression landed him on the WPA, where he gave extracurricular aid to the Workers Alliance. The Alliance eventually

Long Distance

IS THE SHORTEST WAY HOME

Thoughts turn home this time of year. Now, more than at any other season, you want to see the folks and hear the news.

Sometimes you can't get away to *see* them—but you can always *hear* and *talk* with them. By Long Distance, you're there in a jiffy, chatting back and forth as if you were in the same room. And just as great as the pleasure you *get* is the pleasure you *give*.

Calls across the miles cost little—especially in the evening and all day Sunday. Then you can talk about 90 miles for 35c; about 150 miles for 50c; about 425 miles for $1. (3-minute station-to-station rates.)

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"So I gets the Little Beauty"

1. Bein' Mr. Finley's guide before, I knew something was wrong as soon as he got off the train. "Enoch," he said, "this trip is a bust! I've had to cut out coffee. Keeps me awake. Imagine eating at a campfire...and no *coffee!*"

2. Well, sir, that night I cooked supper over the embers and put it in front of him without a word: Partridge breasts, strips of bacon, biscuits, maple syrup—and a tin cup of steaming coffee.

3. "Are you trying to drive me crazy!" he yelled. "I told you I'm one of those people coffee keeps awake." "Not *this* coffee," I said. "It's Sanka. Real coffee, but 97% of the caffein is taken out, so you can drink it and sleep."

4. He was doubtful, but after the first taste he drank three cups. And next morning you should have heard him. "Boy! Finest coffee ever ...and did I sleep! Dropped off in ten seconds, and slept like a wooden Indian."

5. Well, at the end of the trip he handed me this 20 gauge shotgun. "It's a little beauty," says he, "one of my pets. Maybe it'll tell you how much I appreciate that tip on Sanka Coffee."

Read What the American Medical Association says about Sanka Coffee:

SANKA COFFEE has been accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association, with this statement: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

This is *proof* that, if you're one of those kept awake by the caffein in coffee, you can enjoy Sanka Coffee ...without losing sleep. Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee—*all* coffee ...with 97% of the caffein removed.

To enjoy *all* of Sanka Coffee's rich, satisfying flavor, make it strong ...as all good coffee should be made! Use your favorite method, and a heaping tablespoon for each cup. If you "perk" it, give it a few extra minutes on the fire.

Your grocer has Sanka—drip or regular grind. Get a can today. A General Foods Product.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* Network—see your local paper for time and station.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

employed his political talents on a full-time basis.

The primary campaign which this board directed against Mr. O'Connor was in the best Tammany tradition. It left nothing to chance. The brunt of the leg work was done by a hand-picked company of 200 Alliance shock brigaders. Their work was facilitated by a list of relief and WPA clients, and with that they made a door-to-door canvass. The 400 WPA workers who lived in the O'Connor district were the objects of particularly persistent attention. On orders from Washington, all WPA projects were shut down promptly at two o'clock on primary-election day to give a chance for all its good men to come to the aid of the party. In this district, at least, they did. Mr. O'Connor was beaten by something like 500 votes.

Dave Lasser's plan to raise a $50,000 national fund from the unemployed for the recent campaign ran into official difficulties and was abandoned. In the 1500 locals, however, the business of political collections went merrily ahead. On a local basis, the total garnered from the jobless and spent for political purposes was probably much more than $50,000. Even with the free time which direct relief and the WPA make possible, there are certain expenses which no political organization of such magnitude and with such responsibilities as those which have been delegated to this one, can avoid.

The success of the Alliance in these various endeavors has not gone unnoticed by the leaders of the American Federation of Labor and the CIO. John L. Lewis, in particular, is known to look upon them and their vast field of unionizing labors with more than a little envy. There are reports that he may enter the field himself and seek to bring the Alliance into the shelter of his happy haven. That would have certain organizational advantages, and it would probably cause no ideological disruption in the Alliance.

Meanwhile, the organized unemployed are no longer merely an undecorative and troublesome fringe on the body politic. They have taken on both the temper and the tactics of an established caste. They are led by career men and, increasingly, they look upon unemployment as a career in which—if they persist in organizational good works—the Government will continue to subsidize them. The development and the organization of that point of view are among the first and greatest achievements of the Workers Alliance. Perhaps the only greater achievement is the showing of Communism's Trojan Horse, which the Alliance has made possible.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

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tried to get me for the Yankee pro team. But I preferred to sign with Tim Mara.

My stay with the Giants didn't do my football reputation any good, but it gave me more money. I had already bought a house for my parents, but had made a down payment of only one thousand dollars, paying 6 per cent on a mortgage and keeping the rest of my bank roll liquid for the miraculous profit-producer, the stock market. By the following spring, I had a market equity of more than twenty-five thousand dollars, even though, since the radio incident, I had bought nothing but the good old blue chips.

I was farmed out to New Haven in the summer of '29. After I had hit .359 and had led the Eastern League with thirty-eight home runs, Cleveland ordered me back.

That fall I decided that my best bet in professional football was to organize my own team. The agent whom I engaged showed me that this was an extremely simple process. All we did was to buy a dozen jerseys, which we filled with a different set of players every week end. But always the boys were "Bruce Caldwell's All-Stars." We played games with similar fly-by-night outfits around New York, Long Island and New Jersey.

Suddenly the stock-market smash of October leveled my pyramided fortune, and I found myself no longer on the road to wealth, but up to my ears in debt. It was a remorseful winter that I spent hanging around at home.

Prospects looked brighter for me in the spring of 1930. Cleveland gave me a new contract at seven hundred dollars a month. But with Fonseca, who had led the league in hitting the year before, and the high-priced Eddie Morgan alternating in my position, they had no place for me. They farmed me out to Minneapolis, in the American Association, where I hit .333. But my fielding was poor. And when I drifted back to Cleveland in a few weeks, they made me a free agent.

I can see now, from that point in the summer of 1930, all my roads leading downhill. Going back to the Eastern League, I finished the season with Albany and got a little consolation out of leading the league in batting. That fall I took the "All-Star" jerseys out of the moth bag again and played in a number of semipro games. The shine hadn't yet quite worn off the name. In small towns they'd still pay money to see me. But in one of these exhibitions I discovered how far a sports hero could fall in three years' time.

We had booked a Sunday game at Coaldale, in Pennsylvania. As usual, I left it to the agent to get a team together. But when I went down there that morning I could hardly believe what I saw. Instead of the husky miners I was expecting, he had signed up a bunch of school kids.

"Caldwell's All-Stars!"

Their jerseys hung on them like bags. Some of them had to hold their pants up when they ran. Half of them hadn't had their first shave.

Throughout that game every time I carried the ball our opponents smashed me flat into the cinders. At such times the crowd would leave off booing, and cheer.

Great opportunity for the college man with real ability in professional football? All I know is, that cheap, miserable affair left me so sickened I made up my mind to get out of professional sports for keeps.

But I made one mistake. I still thought the name Bruce Caldwell meant more than what was inside Bruce Caldwell. Figuring my name would attract customers, I started a restaurant, called the Smoke Shop, in New Haven. For a time the "Bruce Caldwell" on the window did bring into my place people who wanted to stare at an athlete in an apron. I didn't

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